

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 40—VOL. XVIII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY NOVEMBER 15 1806

NO. 926.

MURDER WILL OUT.

(Continued)

At length he declared that he did believe her innocent, but that he hoped she would take compassion on his anxiety, and clear up the fatal mystery.

"That is impossible," she answered: "my secret must die with me, and I with that, if I am ever accused and tried for murder."

"Horrible!" exclaimed Dunbar, relinquishing the hand he held; but resuming it, he protested that would she be his wife, he would defend her even from the slightest breath of suspicion, and avert from her even the slightest apprehension of evil."

"It is impossible!" replied Editha, in a mournful but determined tone. "Till now, believing that my fatal secret was known to no one, and never would be known, to be yours was the fondest wish of my heart: I saw you rich in talents and in virtues, and I wished to be the honored object of your choice; but an eternal obstacle to our union has now arisen. Never, while there exists a being who is likely to drag me from a husband's arms to prison as a murderess, will I be your wife, or the wife of any man; and I would sooner die than violate what I know and feel to be a virtuous resolution."

Dunbar listened to her with anguish, but with even increased admiration, and he vainly attempted to alter her decision. He offered to go in search of Arundel, and, having tried to convince him of Editha's innocence, persuaded him to bind himself by oath never to reveal what he had seen. But then he recollected his extreme obstinacy; and he thought it much safer to run the chance of his never meeting Editha, than, by informing him who she was and where she was, put it in his power to deliver her up to what he imagined to be justice.

By the time this conversation had taken place, Editha and Dunbar were arrived at Madame Altieri's door; and more wretched than any words can express; they bade each other good night, and retired to bed—but not to sleep, for that the misery of each forbade. Yet among the sorrow which they felt, one dear conviction, one soothing idea, threw a ray of comfort across the gloom. Editha knew that she was beloved, and that her lover's attachment had risen superior even to well-grounded suspicions of her being atrociously guilty; and Dunbar felt assured that it was not indifference but the virtue of Editha, that opposed his happiness, and that in denying him her hand, she felt as much sorrow as he did in hearing the denial.

The next day they met, but it was in company, and Madame Altieri took an opportunity of declaring that business obliged her to return immediately to Rouen. At this intelligence, and at the name of Rouen, Dunbar and Editha looked mournfully at each other; and the former, when he had an opportunity, approached the latter, and said that if she went to Rouen, he begged to be permitted to accompany her, as the fears which he had for her safety, made it impossible for him to be in the slightest degree

easy, while absent from her with the consciousness that she was on the spot where she had incurred such personal danger.

"On condition," replied Editha, "that you go not as my lover, but as my friend, and that you do not unsettle my mind by urging a suit which I am resolved to deny, I accede to your request."

"Cruel conditions! but I will yield to any terms, rather than not accompany you." He then made known his wishes to Madame Altieri, and she coldly consented that he should be one of their party to Rouen.

That evening, when Dunbar returned from making preparations for the voyage which was shortly to take place, he overheard the ladies in high debate, and saw by her countenance that Editha was unusually agitated.

"I am glad you are come, Sir Malcolm," cried Madame Altieri, "for I hope you will be of my opinion; and as you have some influence with Miss Arundel, you may probably convert her. She has been maintaining most violently, that a person may commit murder, and yet be very amiable, and very tender-hearted; now what do you think on this subject, Sir?"

It is impossible to describe the pain and embarrassment which this speech occasioned Dunbar; and when he looked at Editha, there seemed such a guilty consciousness in her downcast eye, and flushed cheek, that spite of his confidence in her innocence, he could not help believing that, in the strange opinion which she had been delivering, she had been excusing and describing herself.

"You do not answer, Sir Malcolm," cried Mrs. Malden, "but appear quite confounded at Madame Altieri's question."

"I feel myself quite unable to answer it, indeed," replied Dunbar, "nor do I wish to decide between two ladies whose judgments are both so entitled to deference and respect from me." Then complaining of a violent headache, he begged leave to walk in the garden for a few minutes, and suddenly retired. When he returned, after having endeavored to subdue the painful impressions which what had just passed had left on his mind, he saw on Miss Arundel's countenance an expression of fixed dejection which wounded him to the soul. He even thought she looked reproachfully at him; nor was he mistaken: Editha found means of saying to him soon after—"I see very clearly what has passed, and is still passing in your mind relative to the late conversation; and still you wished me to marry you! Alas! when I must ever be at times the object of suspicion to you, think you that I would ever venture to be your wife?"

Dunbar was shocked and affected by these words, and by the mournful expression of her countenance as she uttered them; and seizing her hand, he promised her that he would never suspect her again.

"Impossible!" she answered, and re-joined the company.

That evening, Madame Altieri, when alone with her daughter, whose towering superiority of mind and character she had always beheld with envy, observed to Editha, that she did not expect that a young woman of her extreme cor-

rectness and propriety, would have encouraged a gentleman to accompany her on a voyage to France, whose attentions to her, had been too marked to be misunderstood, unless an explanation had taken place, and that he was a declared and accepted lover.

"An explanation has taken place," replied Editha, clasping her hands in agony as she spoke.

"Well!—and is he—is this heretic to be your husband? for your father left you so independent of me, and gave you so fine a fortune, Miss Arundel, that I do not expect to be consulted by you on the occasion, though I can never approve your union with a heretic."

"My dear mother," cried Editha, "do you suppose that I can ever forget that you are my mother, and have a right to know every thing before I decide on it? Has my conduct been so very unbecoming, that you are not convinced that my love and duty keep me dependent on you, though my fortune makes me otherwise?"

"No—I cannot say I have had much reason to complain of you," ungraciously replied her mother. "But are you to marry Sir Malcolm?"

"No, Madam: not that his religion would have been an obstacle to our union;—my father taught me to respect the religious opinions of every one, providing such opinions were sincere; and I should have had no doubt of finding, on this subject, Sir Malcolm Dunbar, as liberal as myself."

"Your father," replied the bigoted Madame Altieri, "was more than half a heretic himself; but I suppose you would think it your duty to try and convert your heretic husband?"

"Not otherwise, Madam, than by taking care to let my practice be such as to prepossess him in favour of the belief which had occasioned it."

"Say no more, say no more," cried Madame Altieri, haughtily. "On this subject I cannot bear to hear you talk. So then, you are not to marry this man?"

"No, Madam, I will never marry him, or any other man," she answered, bursting into tears.

"And does he know, and is he convinced of this?"

"He is."

"Then why does he go to Rouen with us?"

"It is his pleasure so to do, as he never saw the city, being under strict confinement all the time that he was in it."

"I fear, Miss Arundel," said Madame Altieri, "that you have not yet forgotten the poor murdered Baron."

"Forgotten him!" exclaimed Editha, shuddering as she spoke:—"no, Madam, believe me, I shall never be so happy as to forget him."—Then rushing into her own apartment, she gave way to all her miserable feelings.

The next morning, Madame Altieri, told Mrs. Malden how distressed she was to see that time had not at all obliterated from her daughter's mind, the image of the German baron, who was supposed to have been murdered at Rouen by his servant;—that he had paid Miss Arundel most particular attention for some time, but had suddenly neglected her, just as it was supposed

that he had made an impression on her heart : but, as if his inconstancy had only rooted his image more deeply ; she added that she was convinced her daughter would live single for his sake. This conversation Mrs. Malden repeated to Dunbar—he forgot that he had promised never to suspect Editha again, and he beheld the baron perishing at her feet, stabbed by her in a paroxysm of revengeful jealousy.

(To be Continued.)

A WESTERLY BREEZE.

THE late Mr. Hall, author of the *Crazy Tales*, was, with all his wit and humour, often oppressed with very unpleasant hypochondriac affections. In one of those fits, at Skelton Castle, in Yorkshire, he kept his chamber, talked of death and the east winds in synonymous terms, and could not be persuaded by his friends to mount his horse and dissipate his blue devils by air and exercise. Mr. Sterne, who was at this time one of his visitants, finding that no reason could prevail against the fancies of his friend, bribed an active boy to scale the turrets of the castle, turn the weather-cock due west, and fasten it with a cord to that point. Mr. Hall arose from his bed as usual, oppressed and unhappy, when casting his eyes through a bow window to the turret, and seeing the wind due west, he immediately joined his company at breakfast, ordered his horse to be saddled, and enlivened the morning with his facetious humour—execrating easterly winds, and laughing forth in praise of western breezes. This continued for three or four days, until, unfortunately, the cord breaking which fastened the weather-cock, it turned at once to the easterly position, and Mr. Hall, retreated to his chamber, without having the least suspicion of the trick which his cousin Shandy had played upon him.

ANECDOTES—OF GRAVINA.

THIS celebrated writer, who was the preceptor and friend of the great Metastasio, wrote very instructive lectures upon civil law at Rome. He was much admired for his skill in poetry, and esteemed a very great philosopher. The singularity of his temper was as remarkable as his great knowledge : "Come," said he to his pupils, when he went with them one day to mass, "let us go to the vulgar error." As he walked the streets of Rome, he would often take off his hat, and bow to the horses in a nobleman's or prince's carriage, saying at the same time, "Thank you, gentlemen ; for if it was not for you, we philosophers should be obliged to put on harness, and drag those lazy fellows wherever they please."

An old woman who had sore eyes purchased an amulet, or charm, written upon a bit of parchment, and wore it about her neck, and was cured. A female neighbor, labouring under the same disorder, came to beg the charm of her. She would by no means part with it, but lent her to get it copied out. A poor school-boy was hired to do it for a few pence. He looked it over very attentively, and found it to consist of characters which he could not make out ; but, not being willing to lose his pay, he wrote thus :—"The Devil pick out this old woman's eyes and stuff up the holes."—The patient wore it about her neck and was cured also.

SELF EXAMINATION.

Why throbs my heart when he appears ?
From whence this tender sigh ?
Why are my eyes dissolv'd in tears,
When he's no longer nigh ?

Where are my wonted pleasures fled ?
Nor books, nor lyre can please ?
That lies untouched, and these unread ?
All occupations tease.

One lov'd idea still employs
All hopes, and all desires ?
Walks are insipid, music's noise,
And conversation tires.

But when Philander speaks, 'tis then
I all attention pay ?
And fondly wish the pow'r to pen
Whatever he deigns to say.

O with what skill I strive to hide
The joy my bosom feels !
When he, oft seated by my side,
To me his thoughts reveals.

With sense, and genius then conspire
Hath faculty to seize ?
And while I fondly thus admire,
I lose the pow'r to please.

A pause ensues, his eyes still speak,
As waiting a reply ?
My words in fault'ring accents break,
Or on my lips they die.

Oh were Philander once to bear
In all my woes a part,
And softly whisper in my ear,
The secret of his heart !

What pleasure thro' each sense would glide !
What transport should I feel !
Oh say, my heart, thus sweetly tried,
Couldst thou thy joys conceal ?

G. L.

THE WOODBINE ALCOVE.

A SONG.

WITH Hannah I sought out the woodbine Alcove,
And press'd the dear maid to my breast,
I spoke in her ear half the tale of my love,
And I bid her imagine the rest.

"Lord, Sir!" said the damsel, and blushing she spoke,
"I know not what 'tis you would say,
I am told that you men with us virgins will joke,
Are you now in earnest or play ?

"In earnest, my dear," I with rapture replied,
"Your bliss shall I seek throughout life,
Permit me to-morrow to call you my bride,
And you'll see—how I'll boast of my wife."

The damsel consented—the bargain was made !
Our life is the picture of love,
And still blest the moment I got the dear maid,
To consent—in the Woodbine Alcove.

G. H.

A SICK MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS CANDLE.

Two size bright taper, does so quickly waste,
It bids me think the present day my last !
Thro' narrow limits thy short date confine,
Compar'd to infinite—What more is mine ?
This day must end thy being, and before
To-morrow's dawn myself may be no more !
Both in life's morn with gayest lustre shine,
And, as the night advances, both decline !
Both by one common fate seem closely link'd,
And after one short blaze shall be extinct ;
Our lives the same, our periods both agree ;
So where's the difference 'twixt you and me.

INTERESTING LAW CASE.

KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, JULY 19.

Sittings after term, before Lord Ellenborough.

Jackson v. Livesly.—*Excessive cruelty.*

The Junior Counsel, who opened the pleaings, stated that this was an action for assaulting, putting in irons, falsely imprisoning, and flogging the plaintiff. The damages were laid at 500*l*.; and the defendant had pleaded not guilty.

M. Parke.—"I have to disclose a case of more unparalleled cruelty than any which has come to my knowledge, either in the course of my reading or of my professional experience. When the defendant in the pursuit of his voyage had arrived in Jamaica, he found it expedient to make some addition to his crew ; and for this purpose he hired the plaintiff in the capacity of Captain's Stewart, and a man named Robinson as Mate. The ship sailed for Liverpool in April, 1805, but it was not until the 4th of June that any thing occurred material to state in elucidation of this affair. On that day, the plaintiff being on duty on deck with Robinson, whose watch it was, asked leave of the latter to go below, in order to make the cot, of the First Mate. Permission being given, he performed what he proposed, and at the same time, at the desire of the First Mate, gave him some grog. Presently afterwards the Captain inquired what he had been doing ; to which the plaintiff replied consistently with the truth. The Principal Mate hearing that the plaintiff had told the defendant that he had given him some spirits, was so much irritated that he pursued him to the mizen chains, where plaintiff sought refuge, and then threw him into the sea as the vessel was advancing at the rate of five knots an hour. Robinson, by jumping into the boat, rescued the black from a watery grave. It was not until the evening that the defendant interposed, but then he ordered the plaintiff to be turned before the mast, and immediately tied his hands behind him, and fastened him to the ring bolt of the deck, in which situation he was continued more than eight hours, the Captain, in the mean time, throwing buckets of water over him, as he said, 'he was so fond of the sea.' (It seems the unhappy plaintiff had threatened to cast himself overboard to escape the cruelty of his tyrants.) The next day, at four in the afternoon, the defendant called the plaintiff upon deck, and charged him with stealing money from one of the passengers, which the latter positively denied. After some ineffectual search on the person and in the bag of the plaintiff, the defendant, taking a new logline, made what is called a cat o'nine-tails. The plaintiff was then stripped naked, tied up, and flogged by the defendant, until being exhausted, he commanded the Chief Mate, and afterwards the Second Mate, without intermission, to renew the torture—While the wounds were yet fresh, this inhuman monster ordered the brine to be taken from the harnish-tub (so the beef-cask is termed) and to be rubbed into the open sores. To add contempt and derision to this horrid series of atrocities, the plaintiff was thrown into the turtle tub full of water, under which his head was at intervals immersed by this barbarian. These infernal ceremonies being performed, the lacerated wretch was put in double irons, and was in this condition exposed, without a rag to cover him. Gentlemen, on the 8th of the same month, this miserable object was again brought upon deck, and then the Captain said to him—'If you do not tell me where the money is, I will have the value out of your back.' The man persisting in his innocence, the Captain, assisted by the Chief

Mate and two other of the crew, again returned to apply the same torment, until the plaintiff was in a state of insensibility; after which he was put in irons as before, and continued in that situation until the following day. The like ferocity was practised on the wretched victim on the 11th, 13th, and 14th of the month; and on the 15th of July, the ship having arrived at Liverpool, he was put on shore, and Mr. Lindsay, a respectable surgeon, attended him, until money and friends forsaken him, he was sent to the Infirmary of that town, and although most terribly lacerated, he has survived to bring his case before an English Jury.

Daniel Robinson confirmed to the statement in the opening. He also said, that the passenger who had lost a guinea and some silver was two thirds of his time insane from intoxication, and actually died drunk; He had lost only a guinea and some silver. On one occasion the man was flogged for three hours without any cessation, and in all he had received about 1000 lashes. Particularly on the 14th, the punishment was so severe, that the blood gushed from his breast. His back was apparently in a state of mortification.

[To be concluded in our next.]

ANECDOTES.

A few days ago, a gentleman who was subject to a violent pain in his stomach every morning after eating his breakfast, applied to a modern quack for relief, who advised him thus literally—"Sir, the first thing I'd have you do in the morning is, to eat no breakfast, but defer it until dinner."

A lawyer and a physician disputed about precedence, and appealed to Diogenes. He gave it for the lawyer; and said, "Let the thief go first, and the executioner follow."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1806.

The city inspector reports the death of 53 persons, (of whom 19 were men, 15 women, 11 boys, and 8 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 7, convulsions 6, decay 5, dropsy 2, typhus-fever 4, infantile flux 2, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the brain 3, old age 3, teething 2, apoplexy 2, asthma, childbed, debility, hectic fever, hives, inflammation of the bowels, melancholy, palsy, pleurisy, small pox, still born, sudden death, syphilis, whooping cough, and worms, 1 each.

A young man about 22 years old, whose name we understand is Spencer, was publicly whipped on Monday, in the Park, pursuant to the sentence of the Federal Court, before whom he was tried last week, for stealing on board the ship *Enterprise*, on the passage from London to this port, 150 guineas in gold, and a bill of exchange for 400 pound sterling, the property of a female passenger. When detected, he threw the guineas and the bill of exchange overboard. The court, besides this punishment (which, we hear, was very well bestowed) sentenced him to a fine of 600 dollars, and to be imprisoned until the fine be paid.

Merc. Ad.

The body of a man in a sailors habit, was found in Coenties-slip on Wednesday morning. By the marks of violence which appeared on his head, he is supposed to have been murdered.

DUEL.—On Tuesday the 22d ult: a duel took place near Gosport, between Messrs. Ortleby and Connell, first and second lieutenants of H. B. M. ship *Chichester*, now repairing at said place: when the former was shot through the head at the first fire, and expired on the spot. Mr. Connell and the seconds have made their escape.

A Snow Storm whitened the earth on the morning of the thirteenth of October, at Newburyport, Massachusetts.

In the early part of October last, Mr. David Burnes, of Cliford Township, Penn. with his daughter and a little son about four years old, went into the woods after Chestnuts, about half a mile from his house. The lad growing uneasy at his stay, cried to go home, and Mr. Burnes bid his daughter, to take him to the path and show him the way to the house.—When Mr. Burnes returned, he found his little boy had not been at home, and immediately went out in search of him, and the nearest neighbours were called to assist;—but night coming on—the cold dews of evening descended with the darkness, and the father was obliged to return with the sad tidings to his disconsolate wife. Who can conceive the anguish of the parents?—Who can imagine the sufferings of the child?—In the midst of the forrest—cold and hungry—his only bed the damp earth; and the fond lullaby of a mother, exchanged for the rude howlings of the wolf—his only covering the heavens—and exposed every moment to become the prey of some of the savages of the wilderness!—The hours on opiate wings, the sleepless parents, passed heavily away;—at length the morning dawned and the search was renewed, by the father and as many of the neighbours as could be gathered—the day passed, and the succeeding one—a hundred men scoured the woods in every direction where possibly the child could have strayed—the pulse of hope beat languid, and the awful anxiety for the sufferings of the child was only relieved by the dreadful certainty, that he was dead. After the sixth day, hope yielded to despair, and the search was abandoned.

Luzerne Fed.

LIKENESS'S

TAKEN BY THE REFLECTING MIRROR, AND PAINTED FINELY IN MINIATURE.

MR. PARSON, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen that he has returned to this city, and resides at No. 58, Chatham-Street, where he will continue for some time to take Likeness' by the Reflecting Mirror, lately received from London, which only requires a few minutes sitting to take the most correct Likeness in any position, and reduced to any size in Miniature. Price of each picture, which depends on the size, and finely painted, is from 5 to 20 dollars each—the Likeness is warranted to please.

Likewise, historical and fancy pieces painted on silk for Ladies needle-work, and all kinds of hair devices neatly executed.

N. B. A few Ladies and Gentlemen may be instructed in the art of drawing and painting in water colours, on moderate terms.

Sept. 6.

916—tf.

DURABLE INK

FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,

Which nothing will Discharge without destroying the Linen.

The Utility of this Preparation, whenever such an Article is wanting, need not be pointed out—Initials, Names, Cyphers, Crests, &c. may be formed with the utmost expedition, and without the incumbrance or expense of any Implements; and will be found to stand every Test of Washings, Buckings, Acids, Alkalies, &c. which oily and other Compositions will not. If wrote on Linen as it comes from the loom, it firmly stands the Bleaching. It is also a much to be as well as indelible Criterion of a Person's Property, than Initials made with Thread, Silk, or Instruments, frequently used for this purpose.

A fresh supply of the above, just received by Robert Bach, & co. Druggists, No. 123 Pearl-Street, for sale, wholesale and retail; where also may be had Drugs and Medicines, Patent Medicines, Perfumery of the best kinds, Tooth Brushes, Reeves' drawing colours, &c. &c.

July 19.

909—tf.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Thomas Hewitt, to Mrs. Burgess, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Harris, John Wilkes, Esq. to Mrs. Mary Rogers, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Milledollar, Mr. Mason Seeley, merchant, to Miss Priscilla Cornwell, daughter of Aspinwall Cornwell, all of this city.

At Flushing, on Saturday evening the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Guddow Corning, to Miss Arabella Cornwell.

At Patterson, N. J. on Sunday last, by the Rev. Dr. Romaine, Mr. Henry Godwin, to Miss Mary Marsellis.

Same place, by the Rev. Mr. Romaine, Mr. John Van Winkle, to Miss Adriaana Marsellis.

On Sunday evening, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William Francis Haswell, to Miss Margaret Jacobes, both of this city.

Hail, Wedlock! hail, inviolable tie,
Perpetual fountain of domestic joy;
Love, friendship, honor, truth, and pure delight,
Harmonious mingle in the nuptial rite.

DIED.

Suddenly, on Saturday evening last, Mr. Mathew Bunce.

Wednesday evening, Mr. Daniel Butler, jun. in the 22d year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Jones, late of the New-York Theatre.

On Wednesday evening last, after a short illness, Mr. William M. Willett, son of Gilbert C. Willett, of Codenham, Orange County, formerly of this city.

On the 3d inst. at New-Utrich, T. I. Major John N. Cotenhoven, aged 37 years. By his death, his mother has lost a dutiful son, and his family a tender husband and affectionate parent.

CHRISTMAS PIECES.

An elegant assortment of coloured and plain Christmas Pieces, wholesale and retail, for sale at this office.

Hutchins' Improved

ALMANACKS, for 1807,

Also—NAUTICAL AND POCKET ALMANACKS, By the Groce, Dozen, or Single, for sale at this Office.

TICKETS IN THE VIA CLASS LOTTERY.

30,000, 20,000, & 10,000 DOLLARS.

For sale at this office, Tickets in Lottery No. V. for the Encouragement of Literature.

ROSES IN BLOOM.

For Bouquets, may be had during the winter at the Green-house, No 20, Nassau-street. Gentlemen will please to observe, that it will be necessary to leave notice 24 hours before they want Roses, and they may depend on being punctually attended to at the appointed hour.

Common Bouquets at 25 cents, may be had at a minute's notice.

November 15.

926—6t

TO THE LADIES.

MRS. SMITH, FROM LONDON.

Begs leave to inform the Ladies of New-York, she intends appropriating her time to making, repairing & altering MUFFS & TIPPETS to the latest fashions.

Mrs. S. having conducted an extensive Furr Manufactory, a numbers of years in London, flatters herself she will be able to please those who may favor her with their orders at No. 44 Oak-Street.

November 15.

926—tf.

TO THE LADIES.

M. HEGDES, Hair Dresser, notifies the public, respectfully, that he has again resumed his profession, and being grateful for past encouragement, presumes on the liberality of his former employers & friends to promote that success which will be his pride to merit.

Messages left at No. 180 Barclay-street, the fourth door below Church-street on the left hand from Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

November 15.

926—tf.

COURT OF APOLLO

ALWYN;

OF, THE SUICIDE.

In a small cottage, thatched with straw,
The shepherd Alwyn liv'd,
Who from his care of herds and flocks
His maintenance receiv'd.

Blest with a wife he fondly lov'd,
With industry and health,
With joy he kiss'd his smiling babes,
And disregarded wealth:

One night the rain in torrents fell,
The wind tempestuous blew,
And, when the morning dawn appear'd,
Alwyn his sorrows knew:

'Twas then he saw his fallen roof
Lie level'd with the ground;
But greater pangs afflict his mind—
Nor wife nor babes are found!

'What then,' cries Alwyn 'must I here
My wretched fate bemoan?
Of wife—of children thus bereft,
Must I remain alone!

No—let me rather try to seek
That safe and pleasant shore,
Where all the wretched are at peace,
And griefs are known no more!

With these perturbed thoughts, he went
To where the river flow'd;
About to plunge, a friendly arm
Its timely aid bestow'd;

'Forbear, rash man, to tempt thy God,
By yielding up thy breath!
Nor dare from his right hand to snatch
The instrument of death.

'Look up—behold,' the stranger cry'd,
'Behold thy babes!—thy wife!
Yet these wouldst thou have madly left,
And thrown away thy life!'

'Oh, heartfelt bliss!' the shepherd cry'd,
What gratitude is due!
By your assistance thus preserv'd,
My wife—my babes—for you!

O let us join to praise that Power
From whence this blessing came—
His will be done for evermore,
And hallow'd be his name.'

ANECDOTE.

CHARLES the fifth going to see the cloister of the Dominicans at Vienna, fell in with a peasant upon the road who was carrying a pig; the noise of which being disagreeable to the Emperor, he asked the peasant if he had not learned the method of making a pig be quiet? The rustic confessed that he had not, and added that he should be very glad to be acquainted with it. 'Take the pig by the tail,' said the Emperor, and you will see that it will soon be silent.' The peasant finding that the Emperor was in the right, said, 'You must have learned your trade much longer than I, Sir since you understand it a great deal better.'

CISTERNS.

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MERVIN,

No. 12 Catharine-st. near the Watch-house.

Nov. 13.

926—1y.

SHIPWATCH OF

THE ROSE IN BLOOM.

Proposals for printing by subscription, two elegant views of the ROSE IN BLOOM, to be Engraved by an eminent Artist in London. Designed by G. THRESH-ER, Marine Painter, 13, Broad-Street, New-York—under the direction, and with the full approbation of the following Gentlemen, passengers.

Hon. J. Rutledge, Mr. Booth, Mr. Bohfear, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Perrey, Mr. Page, Mr. Brennan, Mr. Petroy, &c.

Particulars.

To Subscribers, supremely coloured, at \$10 each, plain 8 do.
Each subscriber to pay 2 dollars at the time of subscribing. Plates 30 by 21 inches each.

PLATE I.

A view of the tremendous Hurricane and the upset, with the passengers struggling in the waves, and clinging to the yards, shrouds, spars, &c. &c.

PLATE II.

A view of the ship, righted, totally dismantled, with the remaining passengers and crew clinging to the larboard quarter railing; the ship being water-logged—with a distant view of the British brig Swift, captain R. Phelan, sending their jolly-boat to take them from the wreck.

September 1.

924—tf.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

SELECT ACADEMY.

GEORGE THRESHER—FROM LONDON.

TEACHER OF PLAIN & ORNAMENTAL

WRITING ACCOUNTS, DRAWING, MARINE PAINTING, &c. &c.

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923—tf.

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926—tf.

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Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying and preserving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume: 4 & 8s. each.

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Colours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

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Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey: 4s. and 8s. per pot. Smith's tooth Paste warranted.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

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Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

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Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Pama-tums, 1s. per pot or roll. Doled do. 2s.

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